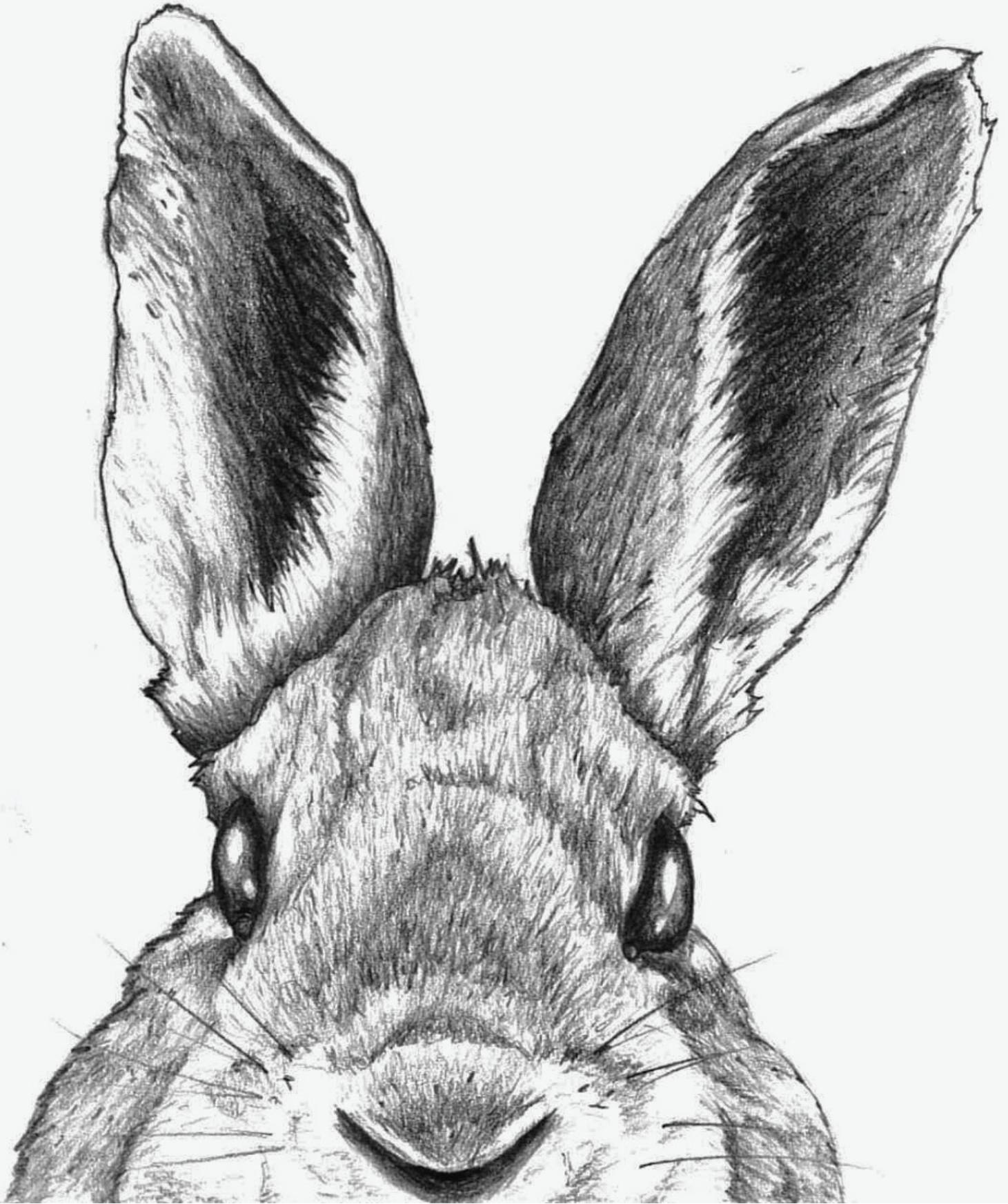


The Omen Vol 47 Issue 2

It did not look even slightly like a
Harebringer of Death and Destruction.



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Staff Box: (In order of appearance)

Chloe: 200 DPI Display Screens: Memomorphs

Brennan: ???????

Rejia: Temur Obliganto: The intersection between the elbow and the forearm

Aamare: Bouchus Imitatus (boo-shus imi-tah-tus):

Allows for voice variation/manipulation/imitation

Aram: The Donald: Hemmroid in the Colon

Bryan: ???????x2

Rowan: ??????? (what's up with that?)

Jonathan: The weird hair tentacle thing that the aliens in Avatar used to have sex. Those were weird.

Shaun: Escaped before we could question him :(

Alana: Eikona Teleopsis

Spencer: Anal Dentata

Front Cover: <http://galleryhip.com/rabbit-face-drawing.html>

Also, Chloe Omelchuck

Back Cover: Sara Steinberg

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu, or Chloe's mailbox (0369)

Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish.

Your submission must include the name you use around campus: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill in the company of a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.

THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

EDITORIAL

Chloe Anne Omelchuck

Hello!

It is currently one in the morning, and I am very tired, so I will try and keep this brief.

I've been reading the paper a lot in this past week. I've been rather enjoying it, except for the fact that it's caused me to fall back into my old reading habits. When I read, I REALLY commit to it- nothing else penetrates my head besides the words on the page. And that would be fine if not for the fact that when I find things interesting, I want to read them ALL THE TIME.

My professors have been very patient, hats off to them.

I haven't read the newspaper in a while. What astonishes me is not necessarily the news- but the sheer volume and variety of it. Sure, there's what you'd expect: the recent debate, the increasingly worsening war for the city of Aleppo in the middle east, and the continued investigation of "Bridgegate," otherwise known as Chris Christie's fatal mistake. And, if I'm being completely honest, I would have never known about those last two things if I hadn't picked up a newspaper.

There IS something to be said for reading the newspaper. Sure, you can go on facebook and look at snapchats and instagrams to know what people thought about all of those events, but it doesn't really tell you what's going on.

When you search something on the internet, what the internet gives you is what you searched for. The value of print media, is that it's easier to come across things which normally wouldn't interest you, but, because you saw

them in passing, know something about anyway.

This is not to diss the internet. It's a wonderful thing, and I truly believe that it is the future of connection and interaction in the world. But it has no substance. It's too easy to lose things there; when text changes formats, when old programs stop being used, when websites are rebooted or shut down. All that information disappears forever. Of course, print media isn't the most durable thing either, but at least as long as it's there you can read it.

Today, when I logged onto the Omen email, I was pleasantly surprised to see a long list of emails from people who were submitting to the Omen. I want to thank them for their contribution to this print media source. All of the campus publications: the Howler, the Reader, the Lilith, some others which I'm sure I've forgotten, and the Omen are key parts not only of sharing information with one another, but also for retaining for a future date. Saying what's on our minds is so important- it's the foundation of all social life. I hope that we, as a campus community, and as members of a global community continue to produce these sources of knowledge, rhetoric, and opinion for a long time to come.

Also, there was a satirical article about Donald Trump in Wednesday's issue of The New York Times. Just thought you should know.

Chloe Omelchuck (editrix)
2015F

Section Speak

Health and Activism

I started running over the summer. I started because I was outside, and I wasn't doing anything, and I had the vague thought that I should run, that I needed to be healthier and fix myself. So I ran. And it sucked a lot, and I kept going anyway.

I did it again later, for maybe the same reason. At the time that I write this article, I'm doing roughly a mile a day, inconsistently. It sucks every time. I haven't been running for very long – nonconsecutively, probably almost two weeks. I thought about quitting a while ago, and I was startled to find that my instinctive response was no.

I didn't think no because I wanted to avoid unhealthiness. 'Being healthy' is a really complicated goal. It involves exercise, of course, but even then you need multiple types, not just running; it's eating well, it's hygiene, it's stress management, a reasonable sleep schedule, emotional health, not getting sick... And if I ran because I wanted to be healthy, I would have run for one day, or maybe two, because humans are awful at doing things because of complicated, vague goals. And I still would not be healthy.

The only way to be sustainably healthy is to run because you enjoy it and eat foods that make you feel good and figure out a sleep schedule that leaves you well rested and on and on and it's not really something reachable. There will always be some way in which I am not as healthy as I could be. But I can be healthier than I was, because I've figured out that I like running. I go into it every time thinking 'this is going to suck' and I'm always right, but I've found a pretty feather while running; I've seen

beautiful sunsets; I've just enjoyed myself for some inexplicable reason.

This, I think, is something many people struggle with. They want to do something like fix racism, and it burns them up that they can't fix it. That our people are still hurting and dying and trapped, and that all we can do will never be enough.

And we never will fix racism, not entirely. There will always be a little ways left to go. But we can make it better by doing something we enjoy. Maybe that is going to a protest, because you enjoy challenging something unjust and the sense of community. Maybe it is taking an Africana studies class, because you love learning about cultures and you need the credits. Maybe it is drawing a picture of a flower, because it makes you a little less stressed and that helps you overcome inherited unhealthy beliefs about yourself and the world.

All of these things will also suck. You might have to redraw the flower fifteen times to get the lines right. The teacher might be a complete dick. You might have to stay in place while the police pepperspray you. But if you want to do it, if you think about stopping and think no!, you should keep going. Because if you do stuff you enjoy, even if you have no fucking clue where you want to end up, you always have a guide about where to go next. And there are enough problems in the world that you will always be making progress towards fixing some of them.

I make the assumption, here, that you're not a flagrant racist who burns books every weekend. There are definitely things that we should not do, and that line does get fuzzy, and it's not always as easy as just 'do what you enjoy'.

Sometimes we should push ourselves out of our comfort zones; sometimes our comfort zones are bad places. But we don't need a world in which everyone is constantly pushing themselves and constantly feeling they should be unhappy. Pain should be temporary: that's what we're fighting for, isn't it? So protest and run and learn and draw and live, and don't give the problems more power than they deserve. Problems should not direct your actions. You should.

—Sincerely, Maya Gilmore



^submitted by: Amanda Crausman

Black Birds

by: Rejjia Camphor

*Black birds, black birds
fly in the sky.
Oh black birds, black birds
why aren't your words being heard.*

Black boys are the norm for being toys for
white boys who take joy in keeping blacks
depressed and oppressed and
distressed under this mess we call the
Unites States of America.

Surprise, whites devise to kill and despise, then go
to church and give tithe so that there remains
no crimes and no verdict.

Surprise, there are none for black people. We
see all, we know about the call that was
made when white paul said he hauled after
making another black boy fall.

So much for being the "United States"
whose only cause is to judge and debate
the fate that continues to unleash
the white dogs from the hell gates.

That's why Black pride still thrives as
black people still rise and multiply,
marching tall through it all because we
want to put guilty whites behind bars
where they belong.

Some may find this abrasive, I'm just trying to
face this potential hatred all mixed up
in the matrix of the black and white faces, and
other races.

I don't understand this world and as
much as I learn, my skin continues to burn
like I'm preparing myself
for an urn and while it might feel like a
sudden turn—it's my reality.

The hurt, the anger, the hatred wants to take over and over
like the whites took over the Blacks, and the
Native Americans and the British and the Cubans
and I could go on and on, but that won't stop
my concern for when I return to my mother
burned down into ashes

I've seen a lot of bad and too little of the good
and it's time that I show my hood that
some good could come from the taken childhoods
and white man's falsehood which continues
to turn my neighborhood into plywood.

See, whites don't like to hear
all the severe they've caused over
the years, but white people don't fear,
for I volunteer to make it all clear and
interfere with this notion that me and my peers
are far too infere to cause you to become
an alcoholic from unemployment.

Unless you're a jailbird cause I heard
only 45% get employment. It's sad and
it makes me mad because the world could
not be as bad as the media makes it seems to be on TV.

Because there's so much we can do to
end prison profit and the view
that prison is the right place for the
african american race when really the case is to
degrade our color and our knowledge base
so they can "feel" safe.

I'm still struggling to face what makes us
so evil or what makes bad things
legal. I just want life to be free without
the crime or confederacy that the country sees.

I'm seriously tired of being the lost songbird
because I keep writing these black words
that fly in the sky like black birds,
like white birds only continuously unheard
in this country we call free with a liberal and justice democracy.

God Rest America.

Hampshire's Perennial Perennial Drama

-Chloe Omelchuck

A lovely new school year, beautiful fall colors, a time when we should be enjoying nature, and once again, time to ask that age-old question: why the hell are we mowing the lawns?

When I began Hampshire as a first year (last year), I was greeted with the beautiful sight of the fields outside the Kern Center and alongside the path leading over to the Red Barn. They were filled with swishing tall grass, wildflowers, butterflies, bees, and countless other plants and animals.

This year, I was greeted with the sight of grass chopped off a few sparse inches from the ground, and nothing else.

Why does Hampshire insist on mowing these fields? They are undoubtedly proud of the 'meadowlands project' as they proudly call it on the signs, but they are undermining the actual function of these fields by mowing them. I guess their real function is to only make it seem like Hampshire cares about conservation and the environment.

The mowing of these areas makes no sense. Not only is the result ugly (no matter what you think about the Kern Center, you have to admit their wildflower landscape out front is very nice), but it destroys critical habitat for bees and other pollinators, wasps (who keep numbers of crop-destroying insects down on our farm), rabbits, and native birds. Not to mention the additional cost of fueling and running the mowers themselves.

These fields need less water than mowed fields and they very rarely produce excessive ragweed (an allergen). There is NO REASON that these areas need to be mowed. As a matter of fact, there are many areas on campus (including on the farm) which are currently mowed and DON'T NEED TO BE.

Since there is no logical reason for this wholesale destruction of habitat, I've thought of some other (possible) reasons:

- If the fields aren't mowed, our current rabbit population will get larger, thereby increasing the chances of mutation and the chance of our (currently harmless) bunnies turning into the killer rabbit from Monty Python and the Holy Grail
- The excessive number of butterflies will be too distracting for students
- People will think that we're too poor to mow our lawns????
- I'm running out of conspiracy theories here.

PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE STOP MOWING!



Climate Change/Voting Rant

It is completely baffling to me that climate change is a partisan issue. There is thankfully a lot of valuable work and technology development being done to mitigate its effects, but it faces too much resistance from the fossil industry, those who profit from the fossil fuel industry, and those who willfully deny its existence. I don't think we're past the point of no return yet, but if we reverse course from what progress we've made, we will get there very, very quickly.

Those of you who are not already voting for Clinton probably have legitimate reasons to dislike her. That said, I would argue that man-made climate change is the single most important issue at stake in this election, and has significant ramifications for every other issue as well. We already know that we will see rising sea levels and flooding displace communities and create millions of refugees. We already know that the changing climate will create more frequent crop failures that will in turn create food shortages. And we already know which people and communities will be left out to dry when these effects hit.

Clinton's record on climate policy and clean energy is not perfect, but it is very solid and

nuanced in a way that makes it evident that she takes it very seriously. She has a reasonable and realizable plan for it. Trump's plan is to deregulate corporations and double down on the dirty energy that got us here in the first place, Johnson's plan makes no sense and relies on the myth of free market efficiency, and Stein's plan is distrustful of the science that will allow us to combat food shortages. Only two of these campaigns have the national infrastructure and support to feasibly win this election, and you already know which two they are.

I have seen a lot of rhetoric like "don't blame the voters for Clinton being uninspiring." Ordinarily, I'd agree with that. Our voting system is deeply flawed; the two-party stranglehold on the government is unacceptable; the U.S.'s imperialist presence around the globe is despicable. But these are all fixable problems. If climate change gets more out of hand than it already is, it will not be a fixable problem. In this case, those voters who believe in man-made climate change and know what is at stake but refuse to vote for Clinton anyway are willfully gambling on all of our futures.

-Jonathan Gardner



^Submitted by: Sara Steinberg

SUBSTITUTIONS

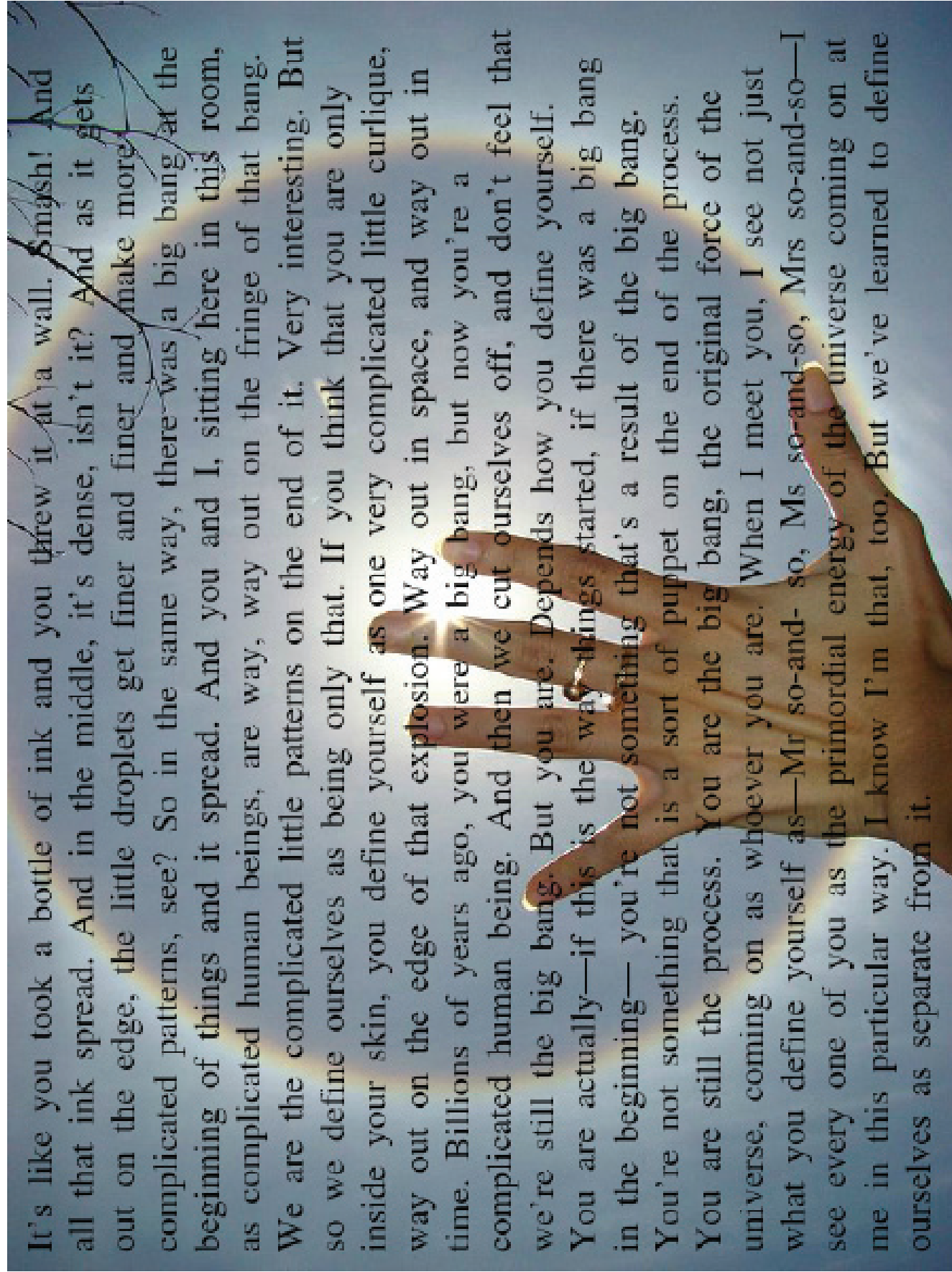
THAT MAKE READING THE NEWS MORE FUN:

WITNESSES	→	THESE DUDES I KNOW
ALLEGEDLY	→	KINDA PROBABLY
NEW STUDY	→	TUMBLR POST
REBUILD	→	AVENGE
SPACE	→	SPAAACE
GOOGLE GLASS	→	VIRTUAL BOY
SMARTPHONE	→	POKÉDEX
ELECTRIC	→	ATOMIC
SENATOR	→	ELF-LORD
CAR	→	CAT
ELECTION	→	EATING CONTEST
CONGRESSIONAL LEADERS	→	RIVER SPIRITS
HOMELAND SECURITY	→	HOMESTAR RUNNER
COULD NOT BE REACHED FOR COMMENT	→	IS GUILTY AND EVERYONE KNOWS IT

WIN VOTES	→	FIND POKÉMON
BEHIND THE HEADLINES	→	BEYOND THE GRAVE
EMAIL	}	POEM
FACEBOOK POST		
TWEET		
FACEBOOK CEO	→	THIS GUY
LATEST	→	FINAL
DISRUPT	→	DESTROY
MEETING	→	MÉNAGE À TROIS
SCIENTISTS	→	CHANNING TATUM AND HIS FRIENDS
YOU WON'T BELIEVE	→	I'M REALLY SAD ABOUT

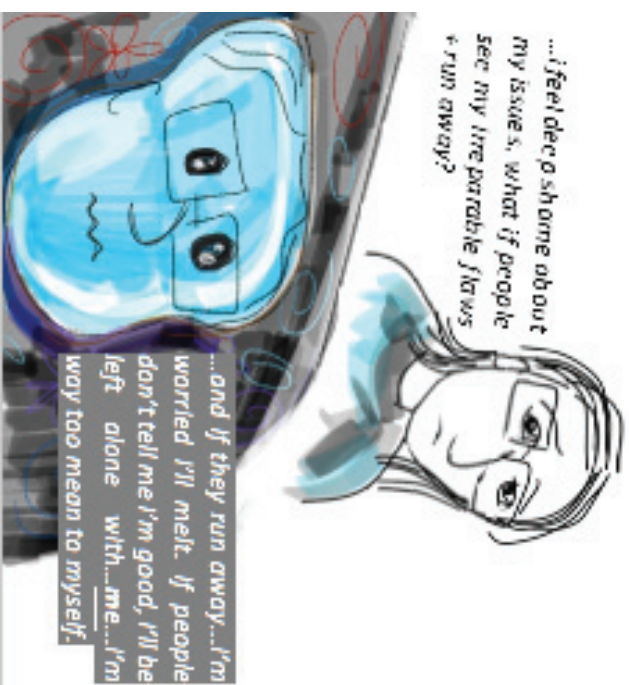
We all need a little more joy in our
lives...

^all above submissions by: Chloe Omelchuck (credit to XKCD webcomic)



It's like you took a bottle of ink and you threw it at a wall. Smash! And all that ink spread. And in the middle, it's dense, isn't it? And as it gets out on the edge, the little droplets get finer and finer and make more complicated patterns, see? So in the same way, there was a big bang at the beginning of things and it spread. And you and I, sitting here in this room, as complicated human beings, are way, way out on the fringe of that bang. We are the complicated little patterns on the end of it. Very interesting. But so we define ourselves as being only that. If you think that you are only inside your skin, you define yourself as one very complicated little curlique, way out on the edge of that explosion. Way out in space, and way out in time. Billions of years ago, you were a big bang, but now you're a complicated human being. And then we cut ourselves off, and don't feel that we're still the big bang. But you are. Depends how you define yourself. You are actually—if this is the way things started, if there was a big bang in the beginning— you're not something that's a result of the big bang. You're not something that is a sort of puppet on the end of the process. You are still the process. You are the big bang, the original force of the universe, coming on as whoever you are. When I meet you, I see not just what you define yourself as—Mr so-and- so, Ms so-and-so, Mrs so-and-so—I see every one of you as the primordial energy of the universe coming on at me in this particular way. I know I'm that, too. But we've learned to define ourselves as separate from it.

^submitted by: Kayna Wong



Forget about Trump, here's the real thing that we should be discussing right now:

Reinholt: What would we call Bill Clinton should Hillary become President?

Katie: First Gentleman? First Gent?

Chloe: First Lord?

Reinholt: No! Good God. That's so un-'Merican.

Katie: What about first dude?

Reinholt: I'd be okay with that.

We know why Trump's bad. You don't need to convince us. What we really ought to be doing is convince the people sitting on the fence in the middle, not that Trump is bad, but that Hillary (though far from perfect) is a far better option. Not only is it more productive, but it's also a (slightly) less depressing conversation. Yes, Hillary may not be as far left as we might like her to be on certain issues, she's not likely to get too much done while in office, and she's not nearly as charismatic as Obama, but at the very least she's not remotely likely to cause the planet to descend into nuclear war (a distinct Trumpian possibility).

^Submitted by: Chloe Omelchuck



^Submitted by: Sara Steinberg

SECTION LIES

The Hampshire Howler Hates Babies And Kittens And Also, Love

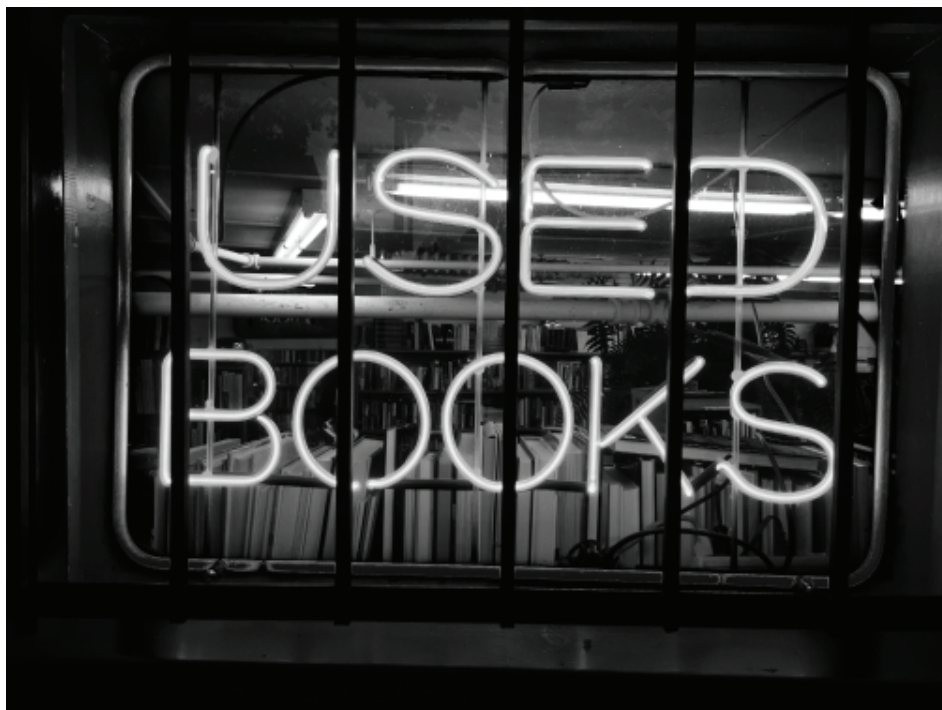
By Spencer Wood

In a recent op-ed, the Hampshire Howler published a manifesto declaring their contempt for all forms of infant (specifically feline and human) and also, that they do not believe in love. In their own words:

Babies are actually bad. They are not cute, and we don't like them. Not only is it bad when they cry, but also we don't like it when they coo, giggle, or speak their first words. Kittens are the worst kind of baby, and we hate them especially. It is the official opinion of the Hampshire Howler that all babies should be round up and left at the edge of town to fend for themselves. Also, love isn't real. Fuck you and fuck the Omen.

The op-ed is the latest in a series of scandals embroiling the Howler, including allegations that they are the ones who keep inviting all of UMass to the woods party, and that they believe pre-marital sex is "gross" and "wrong, dude."

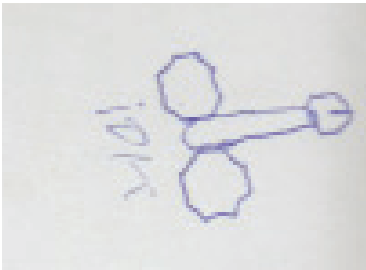
The Omen doesn't hate babies or kittens, and also believes love is real, and strong, and our friend. The editorial team for the Howler could not be reached for comment.



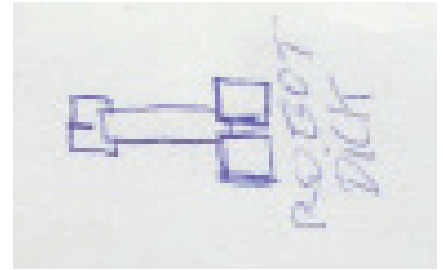
^submitted by Owen Neid

A friend of mine once dared me to write a poem about dicks as a way to get away from my existential and abstract topics. And so, I did.

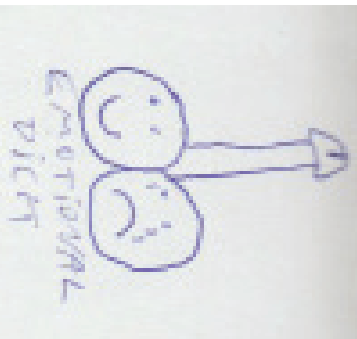
Dicks
Protruding dicks
Forgotten and
frustrated
limp dicks
that disperse from their
Phallic Organizations



Dicks
Dicks that mimic
the behavior
of other dicks
for some murky
concept
of manhood
and brotherly
solidarity



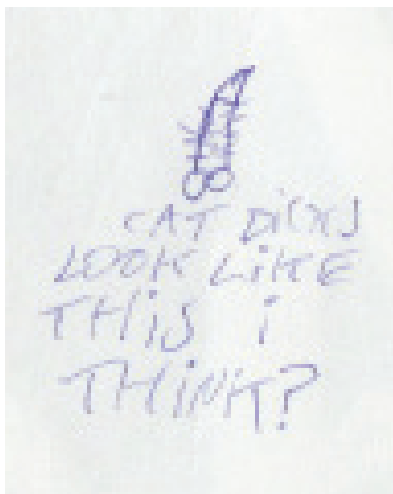
Dicks
Dicks seen as
outgrowths of
genetic code
Dicks are products
of the environment



This environment
This environment
where dicks
wave their dicks
to other dicks
This alpha-seeking
pro-capitalist
brawl
of primitive dicks
trying to spill their
seed
everywhere
for the sake of
Legacy



Dicks
The unsculpted



functional
elephant trunks
that indicate
the anti-aesthetics
of the
Creator

Dicks
Humans are all
protruding dicks
waving themselves
around to feel
valid
necessary
recognized

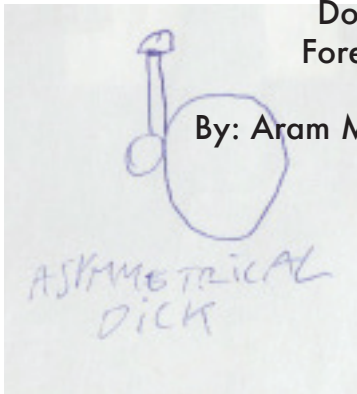
Dicks
Humans are all shriveling
dicks
after they lose their
vitality

Dicks
Forgotten dicks
Emasculated
in life
and castrated
off the
mortal coil

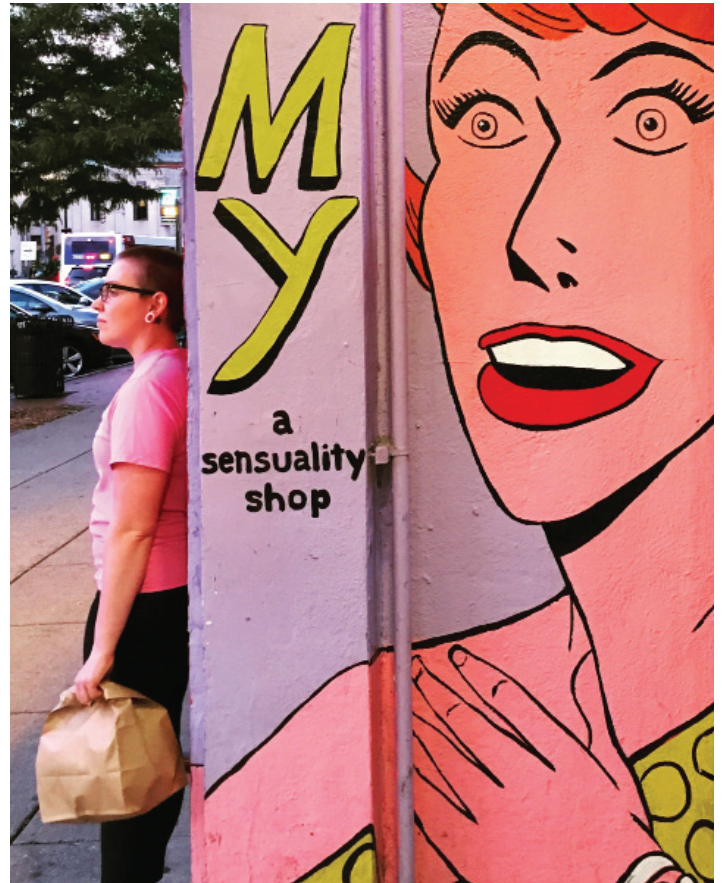
Dicks
Both the
beginning
and end
of life

Dicks
Colloquial
Dicks
Done
Forever

By: Aram Martirosyan



Dicks submitted by:
Spencer Wood



^Submitted By: Owen Neid



^Submitted by: Sara Steinberg



Pauline and Yuri

By Sara Steinberg

The monotonous sound of the steel train wheels lulled me to sleep as I sat back in my seat. Wheat fields waved to me as we sped through this forgotten countryside at sixty miles per hour.

When we finally arrived in Arnstadt, the train stood standing for five minutes in the station. Before the doors were opened to let us out. Once on the platform, there were five obese women

In long black fur coats carrying brown leather suitcases. A black Doberman pincher jumped over one of the suitcases that one of the women was carrying.

I was hungry, so I decided to hail a carriage outside. The carriage driver's hat was grey and torn and his nose was red. As he yelled at the horses to go, a group of school girls ran in front of the carriage.

I thought of Pauline's restaurant five blocks away and told the driver to go. People were out on the sidewalk smoking pipes and cigars. A street cleaner pushed a large broom in front of our carriage wheels. There was laundry hanging from the windows of the buildings on the right and left of us.

When the driver pulled up in front of Pauline's restaurant, I thanked him and gave him five Groschen for his troubles.

I set my suitcases down in the foyer of the restaurant. The lights were dim and there were only two

Diners sitting by the window. When Pauline came out of the kitchen and saw me standing there soaking wet from the rain, she smiled and said; 'Oh Ivan, It's wonderful you've come. Let's get that wet coat off of you. Come sit by the fireplace. There was a huge flaming fireplace in the corner of the dining room

Where a black German shepherd slept on a brown rug. 'Are you hungry Ivan' asked Pauline as she stared into my eyes. 'Yes very', I said. 'Ok, I'll bring you some soup. Just sit right there and warm up.'

Pauline's blue and red dress trailed behind her on the wooden floor boards as she walked into the kitchen. I was trying to remember what this restaurant had looked like the last time I had been here. There was something very different about the expression on Pauline's face. She did not seem

To be as happy as she had once been. Was she still with her husband Yuri? I thought.

The heat from the fireplace felt nice on my wet feet and the German shepherd lying beside me gave

Off a warmth of his own. Pauline came out of the kitchen holding a brown tray with a large bowl of potato leek soup on it. 'After such a difficult journey you will need your nourishment' said Pauline as she gently set the potato leek soup down on a round oak table next to my chair. 'I haven't seen you in such a long time Ivan. What have you been up to?' 'You know the usual. Making sure my workers on the farm get what they need and taking care of Sasha. She has the consumption and she needs constant care. 'Oh I'm so sorry to hear your Sasha is not well. Such a sweet girl who always played the piano so beautifully for us whenever she came over.

The clock on the wall above the fireplace chimed nine and the two diners by the window had finished their meals. They were having a heated discussion about the deplorable state of the government.

'Tell me Pauline. Where's Yuri?' Pauline's eyes

continued on page 20...

filled with tears. 'He's left and I have no clue where he is or if he's ever coming back . One day he went out to repair the tractor of a friend who lives down the road and I havnt seen him since.

Pauline wiped her tears with a blue and white handkerchief as she sat back in her chair staring at the ceiling . The german shepherd walked over to her and licked her hand on the arm of the chair. Don't worry Pauline. I can have one of my workers come by to help you out now and then with the cooking and cleaning . 'It's no use Ivan . I miss Yuri and I don't know what will become of me without him.

'You need to go to church more often to pray for his return . The doors of our lady of immaculate conception are always open .

The wind blew hard against the window by the fireplace and the clock chimed ten. I remembered a time when Pauline would make mittens and sweaters for everyone in the winters . She would spend hours gathering the lambs wool. The she would dye it blue and green . She was happier back then and she didn't have a worry in the world .

'This potato leek soup is delicious . Can I have some more I said , holding the bowl in my right hand.

Pauline smiled . Of course Ivan . The two diners by the window continued to discuss the pathetic behavior of our government officials as they puffed on their cigars . ' The Magistrates waste all the money on foolish things and refuse to help the common people ' one of them said as the rain blew open a window .

As Pauline came out of the kitchen with another bowl of soup , the german shepherd started to bark uncontrollably . 'There there Greta , calm down . The lightning will not hurt you said Pauline when a man and woman and two children walked in the front door. The man was

wearing a black fur hat and glasses.

His brown beard went down to the center of his coat. His wife looked upset since she was soaking wet from walking in the rain. The little girl held her mother's hand and removed her pink wool hat . Her blonde hair was matted and looked stuck to her little head. ' Mama, I'm tired she said as she looked up at the woman . ' There , my Raeesa , we will see what they have for us'. The boy fidgeted in the corner by the coat rack while his father looked closely at the menu. 'Good evening folks . Please sit anywhere you like ' said Pauline as she reached into her dress pocket and pulled out her handkerchief . 'We take great pride in serving the finest cuisine in the district ' said Pauline as she wiped the tears from her red cheeks.

I thought the father looked very familiar to me . I knew I had seen him somewhere before . Then I remembered . He was in the municipal building , standing behind the counter when I went to pay the taxes last month . His glasses were broken on the sides and were held together with brown string .

After they hung up their coats ,the family sat down at a table on the far side of the dining room .

Pauline's waiter walked over to them and took their orders.

Pauline walked over to me. 'As I was saying Pauline , everything will turn out alright . Yuri was never very dependable as you know and he was never settled within himself . Perhaps it is for the best that he's left. Pauline took out her handkerchief . 'Ivan , what are you saying .My Yuri was all I had . It's true I still have Greta said Pauline as she looked kindly at the affable german shepherd sitting by the fireplace .

I finished the rest of my soup and began to drift off to sleep in the comfortable chair by the fireplace .

The thunder and lightning storm continued to light up the dining room now and then .

continued on page 21...

continued from page 20...

The little girl and boy were running between the dinner tables singing songs. They pulled at each other's clothing and made strange faces at the waiter as he carried trays of food to the table .

I never knew if it was wise to make this journey to Arnstadt . Travelling has its risks. I hadn't seen Pauline for several years and I had no idea she had been living so long without Yuri. I always knew she was a very strong woman who could endure almost anything . But my workers will be needing me and I will have to get back to the farm . I cannot stay in Arnstadt for a week. I worry about my Sasha as well . There's no telling what direction her illness may take. I pray for God to protect and watch over her.

I thanked Pauline for the delicious soup and told her that I must leave in the morning to get back to my Sasha .

Poetry

by: Owen Neid

Blue sedan sitting low on a macadam runway, creeping like a cat, gently swaying to the left of the meridian. Cabin lights are dim and the AC is on full blast. The road runs north towards where the earth meets the sky, and I'm piloting my own personal spacecraft. Each twist in the road brings me farther from mission control. It's silent nighttime driving now, cool and clear, with polka-dot stars. Fluorescent mile markers seem to dance and wiggle like they were hand-drawn animations, and the steel transformers are stick-bug aliens from H.G. Wells novels. There isn't even the sound of wheels turning to disrupt the mystery, much like the end of a dream before walking. Headlights are film projectors that give me a Deja vu feeling that this is similar to "From the earth to the moon." I could say I'm on a quest, like in a film noir movie, off to "pay the man a visit, who still owes me 45 greenbacks" but that's not really true. I'm about to fall into reentry, parachutes will open soon and I will sink deeply into a navy bedspread, and I will sleep, like I have never slept before.



^Submitted By: Owen Neid



^Submitted by: Sara Steinberg



^submitted by: Kiyoshi Nature

(W)hole

by le Chapelier Fou

When was the last time you heard it said?
The cold face of the juggler in the Tower
Pondering his time from birth to this fateful hour.
Was it when he was pronounced dead?
When his head rolled off the block?
Or was it when the birds did sing?
When the birds could fly
When the sky could breathe
When I stood outside and could laugh?

Venomous materials clutter my heart
Our hearts are
Our hearts were
Our hearts are not

The Whole appears
A phantom before me
But as I reach for it
The phantom is gone
The hole remains

This hole deepens itself
This hole festers
This hole infects my body and my mind
This hole makes more holes
Here! Grab a shovel – start digging

I often picture it

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The peace I'd feel
How free I'd be
Lying there in that hole

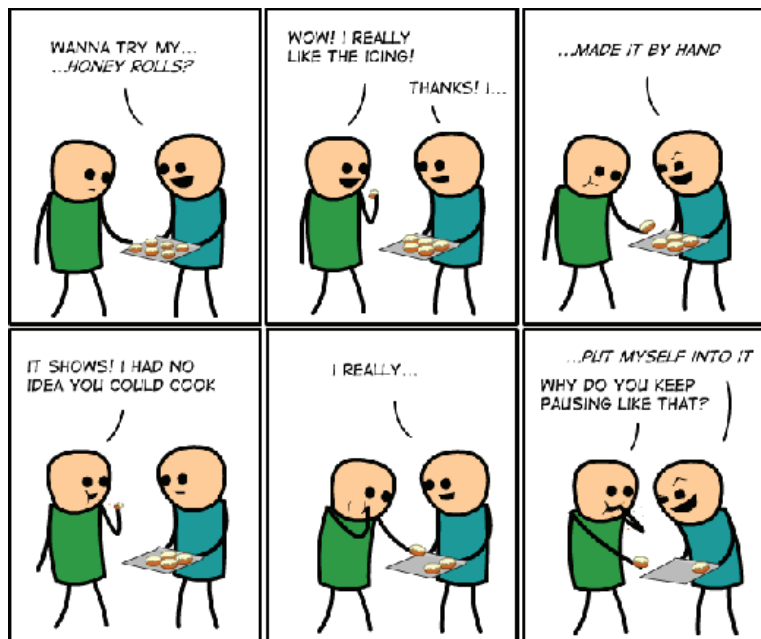
Maybe I'll draw my last breath in there
And let my lungs fill with dirt
It's more company than I've known

An hour is a thousand years when you're alone
"Make the most of your time!"
If I can get this anvil off of my chest
"We're having a good time"
Why yes, you are

I wonder what it's like to fall asleep
Knowing that you'll have them there tomorrow
I always like to think the grass is greener over
there
Just a little less alone
Maybe lonely, but with someone else

I'm trying
I'm not trying
I'm lonely
I'm antisocial
I'm -
I am
I was
I am not

Submitted by: Spencer Max Winnell



submitted by: Reijia Camphor

SECTION FIVE



^Submitted by: Sara Steinberg

SAND GETS EVERYWHERE! -REJJIA C.

HEY PALS
DO YOU WANNA HELP ME
FINISH MY DAMN DIV 3?
YOU CAN BY PLAYTESTING
THE EDUCATIONAL GAME
THAT IM DESIGNING FOR IT.
FIRST YEARS CAN GET SOME
CEL-1 CREDIT.
IT'LL ONLY TAKE A FEW
MINUTES!
EMAIL jrg11@hampshire.edu
FOR DETAILS



$$\lim_{n \rightarrow \infty} A \left[1 - \left(\frac{1}{4} + \frac{3}{16} + \dots + \frac{3^{n-1}}{4^n} \right) \right] = \lim_{n \rightarrow \infty} A \left[1 - \sum_{k=1}^n \frac{3^{k-1}}{4^k} \right]$$

$$= A \left[1 - \lim_{n \rightarrow \infty} \sum_{k=1}^n \frac{3^{k-1}}{4^k} \right] = A \left[1 - \lim_{n \rightarrow \infty} \sum_{k=0}^n \frac{3^k}{4^{k+1}} \right] = A \left[1 - \lim_{n \rightarrow \infty} \sum_{k=0}^n \frac{1}{4} \left(\frac{3}{4} \right)^k \right]$$

$$\sum_{k=0}^{\infty} \left[\frac{1}{4} \cdot \left(\frac{3}{4} \right)^k \right] = \frac{\frac{1}{4}}{1 - \frac{3}{4}} = \frac{\frac{1}{4}}{\frac{1}{4}} = 1$$

LIM college in NYC
 my tattoo
 I need a dance - Jimmy from Degrassi

OK, but will this help me find my car keys?

MATH IS FAKE,
SEER PINKIES TRIANGLE =
USELESS



Health and Counseling Services

Hampshire [Health and Counseling Services](#) provides confidential medical and mental health care for all students to encourage a healthy and integrated mind and body.

Hampshire College Health and Counseling Services is accredited by the AAAHC (Accreditation Association for Ambulatory Health Care).

**Make an
APPOINTMENT**

^submitted by: Rejjia Camphor

